

THE
Johnson Journal



Fall Issue, 1936



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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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Table of Contents

	Page
EDITORIAL	2
LITERARY	3
ATHLETICS	15
CHATTER	12
ALUMNI NOTES	16



EDITOR'S PAGE



GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

One of the more important issues now being debated by various groups of differing political and social thought is that of government ownership. The "New Deal" has drawn this question into the spotlight of public attention by its governmentally owned and operated projects such as the T. V. A., Grand Coulee, Bonneville, and many others. Governmental ownership of water systems, now generally accepted, was also once a subject of much argument. Government ownership of fundamental industries will doubtless be an important issue in a few years, and in several decades, unless the present school of thought loses greatly in popularity, the question of government ownership of all industries will no doubt arise.

We who are at present only high school pupils will probably constitute a part of America's voting population when the question of government ownership reaches the height of controversy. The subject has been chosen as the most appropriate for national debate and next month it will be debated in Johnson High School.

Let us reflect a little and see the real significance of the problem of government ownership. As all will agree, government was founded with the guarantee of personal rights, such as freedom of speech, ownership, and religion as the prime motive. The first governmental document of this country, the Declaration of Independence, states that these rights are God-given and inalienable. The Cons-

titution guarantees more specifically the sanctity of these rights. The Ten Commandments, the Laws of the Twelve Tables, the Magna Carta, in fact all of the codes of government since the beginning of time have done the same.

From here the interpretation of purposes and rights of government becomes controversial. Partisans of unhampered private ownership claim that since the fundamental purpose of government is the preservation of personal liberty, a man may use his own rights to his best advantage as long as he does not violate one of the inalienable rights of another in doing so. Here we have the basis of *laissez faire* and rugged individualism. Let us apply this principle to a single aspect of the government ownership problem, ownership of electrical utilities. Supporters of this policy believe that the owner and operator of an electric power company has a right to charge any rates and run his business in any manner he sees fit.

Supporters of governmental control maintain, like the rugged individualists, that a person may use his own rights to his best advantage without infringing on the liberty of another. However, they also say that political conditions of the present are not easily reduced to fundamentals and consequently slight changes must be made. Let us apply this policy to the electrical utilities question. Supporters of control claim that fundamentally a man owning a power company has a right to fix his own rates for power, but since power has almost become a necessity to modern

life, his liberty must be curbed by governmental control in order to make power available to everyone. This coincides with our American policy before the "New Deal."

Now let us examine the stand taken by advocates of government ownership. They claim that though government was founded primarily to insure personal rights, there are times when these rights must be sacrificed for the good of the general public. Here is stated the fundamental principle of socialization. Let us apply this case. If a man owns a power company and charges rates which make power either unavailable or too expensive for the greater

number of people, supporters of governmental ownership suggest that the ownership and operation of the power company be transferred from the individual to the government, in order that cheap power may be available.

To conclude, we, the students of Johnson High School, must, within a few years, choose whichever we consider the best policy, *laissez faire*, control, or socialization. The choice will be important and should be given our deepest consideration. Since the question will undoubtedly reach a climax in a few years, the sooner we take our stand, the better.

Thomas D. McKiernan '37



LITERARY



ATTENDING MY FIRST DANCE

From my experience I believe the first dance I attended was the most interesting of all. The Senior Class was giving a party and dance to the Freshman Class of which I was a member. This was the first dance I attended with any intention of taking part in the dancing. Upon arriving I went downstairs with a group of girls. I exchanged greetings and exclamations of pleasure at seeing their daintiness and beauty. After freshening up and being assured I looked well, I went up to the dance hall. The hall was decorated with flowers and colored lights for the occasion. I glanced across the room and noted the boys. Likewise, they were looking their best. The Seniors appeared to be at ease while the Freshmen were huddled together in groups against the wall, fidgeting

nervously. Excitement and wonder gleamed in their eyes as they talked unceasingly. In a few minutes the room was filled with popular tunes as the orchestra started its work for the evening.

One of the boys crossed the room and asked in his most pleasing manner if he could have the first dance. I felt myself blush as I accepted. I was enfolded in his arms and led to the center of the room. Self-consciousness overwhelmed me and my feet seemed to move automatically. My partner as if at a loss for words, complimented me on my appearance and ability to dance. I fumbled for an answer and after finding my voice thanked him. As I glanced about the room I felt as if all eyes were on me. I was glad I had previously been taught to dance well. As the dance ended I was able

to smile naturally as I thanked him.

As the evening wore on I lost my self-consciousness and got along very well. I found myself sitting out very few dances. When intermission came my first partner returned for the fourth time to claim me once more. At the conclusion of the evening the persistent chap insisted on escorting me home. I must admit that it didn't take much coaxing as I was very willing to accept his companionship.

In conclusion, as I look back to memories of the events of my freshman year, I find the cherished memories of my first dance very interesting and enjoyable.

Elfreda Withee '38

COINCIDENCE

Gwendolyn sat on the sun porch with her feet cocked up on a chair. Scattered all around her were college catalogs and bulletins from nearly every girls' college in New England. Her usually orderly, blonde curls were in a state of confusion and there was a frown on her otherwise smooth and intelligent brow. But the matter must be settled soon and she must decide on just which college would help her to become the renowned psychologist which she hoped to be. Take Colby for instance; Anne had been there and look what they had done for her in English. Genevieve had been to Simmons and now was an assistant in a big library. But on the other hand, everyone was talking about that new young professor at Tufts. His books were discussed everywhere and his personal interest in his pupils was a well-known fact.

Gwen sat there pondering on courses and still undecided when a

brisk knock at the back door interrupted her train of thought. She was alone at the time so jumped up to see who the caller might be. As she opened the door she was somewhat taken aback to hear a low voice ask, "Could you give me a bite to eat, lady?"

There standing before her was a tall, shabbily dressed individual, very straight to be sure. His curly brown hair had no signs of being brushed and he wore a beard of many days. His clothes were patched in various places and around his back was tied a sort of knapsack done up in a newspaper. His eyes were brown—very strange eyes too. Gwen could not interpret the expression in them.

Again he asked if she would give him a bite and, as it was a custom in the household never to turn anyone away hungry, she went to the pantry, made up a couple of sandwiches, poured out a glass of cold, creamy milk and brought them on a small tray. The tramp thanked her most heartily and took the tray from her hands. But as he did so Gwen's eyes riveted themselves on the man's fingers. They were long fingers and well-kept, with immaculate nails, and on the third one on his right hand was the strangest looking ring Gwen had ever seen. It was made of dull, antique gold and was formed in the shape of two serpents twisted together, and in the center was a ruby, rich, red and gleaming like a drop of pure blood. As he handed back the tray to her their eyes met and Gwen was sure this time that his eyes were twinkling. But again he bowed and again he thanked her and turned and walked off with jauntiness personified in his bearing.

"Hallelujah! I'm a bum"—it seemed to say.

Slowly back to her porch went Gwen and to her task of making the important decision, but as she tried to clearly discuss with herself the pros and cons of each school, a pair of amused, brown eyes would drift into her consciousness and she would find herself thinking about a strange ring with twisted snakes and a glowing stone.

The next day, however, with the morning, a hunch seemed to come to Gwendolyn and she cast the die and made out her application for Jackson. With this settled she could then go ahead with her plans for graduation and the summer. She was to work in a vacation school during the summer weeks to get a little practice in her chosen work. After her graduation she started in almost immediately getting to work at nine o'clock, helping the children with their games, teaching them songs and otherwise keeping them busy.

In this way the summer days slipped past and Gwen's college career had begun. She was even now settled in her small dormitory room, her new clothes hung in the closet with great care and pride, and her room settled cosily with the lamp, cushions and chairs brought along from home.

Her course was all decided upon. The next morning she was to meet her various professors for class enrollment. The evening was spent in getting acquainted with the girls and discussing courses. Everyone was telling of the new professor's series of articles which were being published in a current magazine under the title of "Adventures of a Vagabond." None of the girls had, as yet, read these.

The next morning Gwendolyn stood in line waiting to enroll in the new professor's class. He was bending over his book and simply said, "Name, please." As Gwen watched him write her name, her eye was caught by a flash of red and on the third finger of his right hand Gwen saw again the strangest ring she had ever seen, with its two twisted serpents and its gleaming ruby heart. Her gasp was audible and at that the professor raised his curly, brown head and she found herself looking into a well-remembered pair of brown eyes which stared at her and then twinkled amazingly. "I think we've met before," said Professor Curtis.

Caroline Barker '37

SLANG

"Sez' you!" "Sez' me!" and "Hi ya toots!"

Is all you hear today.

At work, at school, and on the street
You hear the people say,

"Buck up, old man!" "Come on, old boy!"

"Okay" and "Okey doke."

Most everybody seems to think
That using slang's a joke.

The English language is abused
"Aw shucks!" "Aw scram!" and
"Quit it!"

The noun with verbs is twisted so
You'd think a cyclone hit it.

"Aw Nuts!" "Baloney!" "Cut it out!"

Is slang in all its glory
To find out what it's all about
Is quite a different story.

Perhaps sometime in future years
We'll tell our great grand-kiddies
To use correct and proper slang,
To copy us old biddies.

Frances McRobbie '39

PEOPLE I LIKE AND DISLIKE

No matter what occupation or standing a person may have, he always likes certain persons better than others. This is only human nature, and consequently I will give a few views on the persons I come in contact with or admire.

Of course this begins at home and it is needless to tell of my attitude towards my parents, but at times I often wonder if sisters aren't just a nuisance. My greatest pal at home is my dog, (I really consider him a person) and although at times he has to be disciplined, he is back in five minutes wagging his tail as friendly as ever.

Moving on, we come to those with whom we come in contact in sport, whether they be our chums on the vacant lot or a national figure who may be our idol, as Babe Ruth. No matter what game it may be, my highest estimation goes to the fellow who plays the game square, smiles when the going is tough, and above all has a sense of humor.

Lastly the people we meet in our work. For most of us, acquiring an education is our work, so let us consider this. Frankly, I despise a lazy person. School is no place for him. Likewise I consider a cheat in the same light, but to the person who does not possess the ability to learn quickly, but who works hard and diligently to overcome this handicap, my hat is off. The person who comes to school day in and day out without even cracking a smile or enjoying a little fun once in a while, but who takes life entirely seriously, has no sympathy from me. The old saying that you can catch more flies with molasses than vinegar is certainly true. However, the person who has to rely on the so-

called "drag with the teachers" to get along does not arouse my jealousy for what do marks count for when we go out into the world?

In closing I recall a song Eddie Cantor sings, "I'm telling you just how I feel, I hope you feel that way too."

Needham B. Brown '38

TO THE BROOK

As I walk beside the brook,
The water's gentle flow,
Is like a shadow whispering
Tales of long ago.

Swishing through the emerald grass,
Silver sparkles in its wake
Blue, transparent little brook,
Every picture that you make,—
Is a flash of silver light
Or a soft and velvet green,
A golden sunbeam caught in flight
Fading slowly, out of sight.
Reds and yellows, glittering gold,
Sparkling silver you unfold;
In your mirror, crystal blue,
You have caught my image too.

Frances McRobbie '39

THE FRESHMAN

Have pity on the Freshmen!
They're like a lot of brooms;
They sweep along the corridors
In conquest of the rooms.
They gaze with stricken faces
At home assignments too.
A look of joy replaces
A look that's sad and blue,—
Because,—they heard a bell ring!
They think that school is done;
Those inexperienced Freshmen
Don't know it's just begun.
Poor woe-begone creatures,
I pity them, I do,
Whenever I remember that
I was a Freshman too.

Frances McRobbie '39



COVER CONTEST

Alice Brightman has won the Freshman cover contest. Hers is the linoleum cut which appears on the cover of this issue. Mary Cary re-

ceived honorable mention for her watering trough drawing. The drinking fountain near the Main Street door was presented by George H. Gilbert to his native town in 1908.

DEALING WITH GHOSTS

For hours there had been no living sound in the house, everyone save myself having long ago gone to bed. I had remained in the kitchen, sitting with the heat of the stove on one side and the chill of an icy window on the other, to finish a story that I had started. Outside I could hear the wind moaning through the woods, whistling and howling around the house, furiously whirling dead leaves through the air.

Gradually my interest in the story lagged and listening to the fury without, I began to remember all the stories I had ever read or heard about. The shadows that I saw playing across the windows became fantastic figures dancing madly with the wind and leaves, around the tree trunks and shrubbery, up and down on the window sill, clawing at the window with their long fingers. Gradually they became larger and more grotesque beating more and more furiously at the window until with a sudden start I realized that the banging was going on above me.

Paralyzed with terror I was unable to shift my gaze from the stair on the opposite side of the room down which I expected at any moment to see a ghost descend. I felt hot and cold at the same time. My face was wet with a cold sweat. Chills were running up and down my spine. My hands were wet and clammy. I wanted to yell for help, but although I succeeded after several vain attempts in opening my mouth, only a faint gasp came out. Helplessly I sat there, all my feelings dulled except fear which was painfully alert. The specter approached the stair and half dazed with fear I heard a faint tapping as

he descended. I closed my eyes weakly and waited. When he had reached the first landing there was a pause which was broken again by the same noise I had heard in the room above. Involuntarily glancing up I saw my dog calmly scratching his fleas with his hind foot.

Clayton DeNault '38

THE ART OF VISITING A MUSEUM

Having had much experience in the matter, I am writing a little article for the instruction of those poor souls who visit museums without knowing the proper procedure for conduct there.

First you open the door. To do this one must first turn the door-knob. Now arrives our first problem. Shall we turn the knob to the right or to the left? Since turning it both ways at the same time usually excites prejudice on the part of the guards and also gives very poor results, we deduce that it is better to turn it either way. Vital statistics show that people of the Slavic race turn the knob to the left, whereas British Islanders turn it to the right. However, a slip in this technique is not regarded as a serious error.

Upon opening the door you are greeted by the glowering face of a uniformed guard. An eminent Vienne psycho-analyst finds that, upon this greeting, criminally minded people put up their hands to be frisked for concealed weapons (Vilo Phance once used this knowledge to advantage) whereas timid people make the grave mistake of leaning against a rail for support, and really brave people demonstrate the use of *objets d'art* as cranium crushers on the guard's skull. Experienced museum enterers merely

make a getaway by hurrying down the corridor.

If the museum is on the sea-coast the next room usually contains figure-heads of old sailing ships. At this point it is well to make sure that every object to which you refer is labelled, since, if not, it is apt to be libelled.

When a guard chases you from this room, the approved procedure is to enter some other room. As a rule this room will contain small objects in glassed-in table-like cases. It is best to maintain absolute silence in this room, for, if you are accompanied by a friend, the following inevitable episode occurs.

"Isn't that pretty!" remarks your friend pointing to something in the showcase.

"Oh," you answer, "the green thing." This, however, does not happen to be the object referred to, and your friend makes the inexcusable mistake of touching the glass. You are then roughly pushed by a guard, brandishing a linen duster, who removes the contamination of your fingerprint, at the same time tsk-tsking at you, and glancing at you with so much contempt that you feel like public pest number three and one-half.

It is well at this time to say a few words regarding the history of museum entering. Tutankamn (King Tut to you) was the first to reduce museum entering to an exact science. Though the consensus of public opinion is that his technique is a little too elaborate, professionals and those who have accompanied me this far, realize that in the end it is the simplest method. Let us examine King Tut's method (and leave the organ which conceived it to be examined by an alienist). Writing in

his autobiography, Tut, (we're getting familiar) says, "***!!**!!**!!." (The Copts had a word for it.) Rather freely translated this means, "Intending to enter a museum some day in the future, I had a huge pyramid constructed by the Cheops Pyramid Co., and gave orders that my mummy should be there interred when I died."

King Tut's idea proved, with the exception of one minor drawback, to be a comparatively convenient way to enter a museum. The drawback is that poor old Tut had his face so swathed with bandages, that he could see nothing.

For those who regard King Tut's idea as too elaborate, we offer museum entering a la New England. Let us take an example of this case. John Nutt writes a history of the Nutt family, (this history being for the most part an autobiography), and then offers a donation to the museum fund. When the obsequious attendants repay him by telling him that he is greatly honored, etc., John Nutt very modestly includes his "History of the Nutt Family" with the donation. If he gives one hundred dollars the book is kept because he is an old citizen; two hundred dollars, an upstanding citizen; five hundred, a beloved citizen; up to five thousand dollars, his relatives can have come over on the *Mayflower*, he can be related to three or four presidents, and can have been the light of the community.

We have now seen enough of museums; let's get out. Did someone say, "How?" Simple, very, very simple. Since anyone coming this far into a museum has already lost all sense of dignity or self-esteem, he can merely break a window with a museum piece and be conveniently

thrown out by the guards, the fee being only the cost of the window.

Thomas D. McKiernan '37

HOW I EARNED MY FIRST DOLLAR

A small, rosy cheeked farm girl about nine years old, in a blue gingham dress, covered with a stiff, spotlessly white apron, I sat with a businesslike air at my little stand on which was displayed a colorful array of vegetables. About two or three machines went by and I began to feel anxious as to whether I would sell anything. The next automobile, a new, shiny car went a few yards past my stand and stopped. My heart jumped and began to beat furiously. "Would they buy anything?" I asked myself again and again.

An elderly gentleman got out of the automobile, strode over to me and queried, "Hello, are you the proprietor of this business?"

I wasn't quite sure what proprietor meant but I supposed I was whatever it did mean and answered, "Yes."

"My, but you'll be quite well-to-do after you sell all these, won't you?"

"Oh yes, and these vegetables are especially fresh."

"I believe I could use every single one of these. How much do I owe you?"

I quickly took my pad and pencil and computed the sum. "Exactly eighty-three cents," I returned triumphantly.

He took a crisp, new one dollar bill from his pocket and said, "Here you are. You may keep the change for being such a help to me."

"Thank you," I answered with my eyes sparkling as I received my money. I could see him smile over a

big bag of vegetables as he turned to go.

I always smile as I think back at how funny I must have looked earning my first dollar.

Dorothy Dainowski '40

THE MYSTERY OF LOST LAKE

A crisp wind whistled through the pine trees as Dale Thompson finally gained the summit of her favorite hill. All around her was nature's beauty. With her hands in her moosehide jacket Dale stood gazing at the surrounding countryside. The spell of winter was everywhere, even in the stillness of the day. Off to the right was another hill opposite to that on which Dale stood. The hill was white-capped and wintry looking. As she stood there gazing, the bright winter sun shone on the hill top, playing havoc with the shining snow. It dazzled the eyes in its splendor. The top looked like a roof of a fairy castle in the sun. The side of the hill was green, the green of the fir trees, perfect in formation. However, here and there were barren spots where maple, elm, and dogwood trees had faded for the winter.

As she rested a moment in her morning walk, here on the hilltop, surrounded by nature, she thought of the events that had led to her coming to visit the Canadian trapper and his daughter, Nadine. It had all begun when she had started out so fresh at the boarding school, determined to make good. Then had come the dreadful illness caused by overwork. This had led to her need for good rest, quietness, and plenty of good fresh air. Her father knowing "Trapper Dan," as Nadine's father was called, received permission to send his daughter to his home on an Island in Canada, for the winter of

rest that she so badly needed. So she was here, wondering how her winter would be spent. She had passed one glorious week so far and had become thoroughly acquainted with Nadine, a real northern girl and, like herself, a lover of outdoor sports. However, today Dale had gone off alone to think and to enjoy the surrounding countryside.

Suddenly she stopped stock still. Could it be possible that that beautiful shiny spot was a lake? Oh, no, it couldn't be, for Nadine had said that the island on which they were had only one lake, and that was on the other side of the island. Taking a second look Dale assured herself that it was the frozen surface of a lake.

"Oh, how beautiful it is," she exclaimed, "and since I have discovered it I shall have the right to name it. It shall be called Lost Lake."

Dale was right, the lake was a beautiful sight. Nestling between the hills, surrounded by luxuriant fir trees, it was a marvel to see. The sun shone on the smooth surface, making it appear, from where Dale stood, as though nature had dropped a mirror at the bottom of the high hill, and forgotten all about it. In naming it "Lost Lake" she was partly right, for earlier settlers had found it, but as the years went by it was forgotten, and only rumors of some supposed lake in the center of Rainbow Island were sometimes mentioned on the mainland.

Dale wished she might go to the lake but the sun high in the sky warned her that it was time to go home for dinner. She determined, however, to return to investigate it with Nadine as soon as possible. The next day and a few days following gave her no hope, for winter had

set in for good, and thick, wet flakes fell in a steady blizzard. The disappointment of both the girls was high, for the new discovery held much excitement in their minds. They spent their days in cleaning and investigating the cabin where Nadine lived. The evenings were spent in reading and candy making. Thus three days passed filled with joy, but still slow moving to the girls who had high hopes for the new discovery.

A Canadian blizzard stops for nothing and this continued steadily for a few days, but finally the girls awoke to a clear sky. The morning work finished, they started out on a new adventure. On snowshoes they slowly made their way up the hill, stopping every now and then to enjoy the scenery after the storm. It was indeed worth admiring, for the fir trees were glorious in their new beauty. Adorned in a new cloak of pure white and emerald green they appeared majestic in their splendor.

Soon the girls reached their destination, and Dale pointed to the spot where the lake was. To their surprise they found no lake, just a pure white surface of snow. At first they were baffled, but finally Nadine laughed.

"My, aren't we foolish," she said. "Of course the lake is gone, that's because of the storm. The lake is covered with snow."

This explanation was true and Dale knew that it wasn't a mirage she had seen. Suddenly she jumped, and grasping Nadine's arm, she pointed to a group of pine trees close by the spot where the lake was.

"Look!" she exclaimed, "Smoke! I thought that this island was only inhabited by us."

"Why it is," came Nadine's reply, "I can't understand the appearance

of that smoke. Come, we'll go down and investigate."

However, as they started down the hill, the sun began to sink in the west, telling them that night was falling and it was necessary to go home. Reluctantly they turned their steps homeward, more determined than ever to discover the mystery of Lost Lake.

That evening as they sat about the fireplace, Nadine suddenly sat up straight with excitement.

"Why, Dale," was her exclamation, "listen to this. 'Two boys on their way to a camping trip alone, were last seen drifting out to sea by way of Rainbow Island with all their equipment. All searching was useless, for no boys were found. Searching continued, but still no trace was discovered. A party to seek for them is being organized so that a search can be made of Rainbow Island. Any information regarding them will be welcomed.'" Dale's gaze remained fixed on Nadine's with wide eyes. Each knew what the other was thinking. Excitement ran high in their veins as they retired for the night.

The day came brightly and the girls, inspired by the import of their

discovery, hastened with their work and set off. They obtained new vigor and soon reached the summit of the hill. The descent to the lake was not so difficult and they soon reached the bottom. Led by the smoke they soon came to a clearing in the pine trees, where they saw a cabin in the center. It was then Nadine remembered about the cabins of trappers who spend part of the winter trapping on the island. Their hope was a little dampened by this remembrance. Still, they entered the cabin and faced two boys seeming to enjoy themselves.

They were the missing boys and were soon united with their worried parents. The joy of their parents was all the reward the girls wanted. The story of the boys was that they had been drifting along and had regarded it as a great adventure. As they passed the island the current had carried them inland and it was thus that they had camped on the shores of Lost Lake. The mystery of the lost boys and the Lost Lake had been cleared up and the girls spent the rest of the winter pleasantly but not quite so excitedly.

Evelyn Clark '37

CHAT



TER

CLASS ELECTIONS

In the meetings of the various classes for the annual election of officers the following were chosen:

SENIOR CLASS

President Ernest Roberts

Vice-President
Sec.-Treas.

William Roberts
Walter Roberts

JUNIOR CLASS

President
Vice-President
Sec.-Treas.

Thomas Sullivan
Herbert Barwell
Hazel Blanche

SOPHOMORE CLASS

President	Charles Foster
Vice-President	Arthur Banker
Secretary	Ruth Whittaker
Treasurer	Thomas Pendlebury

FRESHMAN CLASS

President	William Mackie
Vice-Pres.	Katherine Wainwright

FORMATION OF CLUBS

At meetings held during the last period on Wednesday, November 4, the various clubs of Johnson High School elected officers and outlined plans for the coming year. Two new clubs were organized, the Book Club and the Girls' Basketball Club. If enough pupils are interested, there is the possibility of forming an Art Club. The clubs which were reorganized include Glee, Dramatic, Practical Arts, Chefs' (for boys), Etiquette (for girls), Debating, and Chemistry. The officers elected for the clubs are as follows:

GLEE CLUB

President	Olga Ceplikas
Vice-President	Mary Dandeneau
Sec.-Treas.	Eileen Doherty

DRAMATIC CLUB

President	Edwin Cunningham
Vice-Pres.	Marie Alice Dolan
Secretary	Dorothy P. Lord
Treasurer	Evelyn Clark

BOOK CLUB

President	Irene Byron
Sec.-Treas.	Mary Peel

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

President	Isabelle Phelan
Vice-President	Edna B. Cassidy
Sec.-Treas.	Margaret McRobbie

PRACTICAL ARTS

President	Barbara Eldredge
Vice-President	Helen Daw
Sec.-Treas.	Elizabeth Rennie

CHEMISTRY CLUB

President	Allen Towne
Vice-President	Veronica Fitzgerald

Sec.-Treas.

Lois Pitkin

ETIQUETTE CLUB

President	Frances Campbell
Vice-President	Frances Debrowski
Sec.-Treas.	Priscilla Lewis

STUDENT COUNCIL

Each year it is the custom of the school to maintain a Student Council. This body of students makes plans for the school year and also rules for the good of the school.

The Council is comprised of twenty-six members, thirteen girls and thirteen boys, eight of whom are Seniors, eight Juniors, six Sophomores and four Freshmen.

For this year the following have been elected:

SENIORS

Thomas McKiernan	Isabelle Phelan
Paul Bixby	Caroline Barker
Ernest Roberts	Rosemary Cashman
Joseph Maker	Edna Cassidy

JUNIORS

Freeman Hatch	Veronica Fitzgerald
Herbert Barwell	Hazel Blanche
Milton Howard	Barbara Hainsworth
Thomas Sullivan	Priscilla Lewis

SOPHOMORES

Brian McKiernan	Barbara Brown
Charles Foster	Ruby Cochrane
Arthur Banker	Virginia Carvell

FRESHMEN

Philip Miller	Katherine Wainwright
Philip Kelly	Marcia Barker

THE GYMNASIUM

Like the Democratic Party, the Johnson High School gymnasium is shining more brightly these days. It is remarkable what a little water and paint will do. The congratulations are due to the girls and boys who made this improvement possible. Nice work!

SENIOR-FRESHMAN PARTY

On Friday evening, November 20, an enjoyable party was given to the Freshmen by the Seniors. The hall was decorated with cornstalks and pumpkins which made it very attractive. A play entitled *Bett's Best Bett* was given in which Marie Dolan, Edna Cassidy, Paul Bixby, and Mason Downing had parts. In order that dancing might be enjoyed by the entire group, lessons had been given to the Freshmen by the Senior and Junior pupils previous to the party. Music for dancing was supplied by Hatch's Jig Jags. Games were played after which refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. Miss Clara Curley and Miss Dorothy Colburn were the faculty advisers, while Isabelle Phelan, Emily Sanderson, Joseph Maker, and Ernest Roberts were on the committee in charge of the party.

POLITICAL RALLY

On the Wednesday before election our little Johnson got into the spirit of things and had an assembly program in the form of a political rally of their own. Milton Howard, Allen Towne and Frances Debrowski were the principal speakers. Milton Howard took the part of the Democrats, and presented arguments in favor of the platform of the Democrats. Allen Towne took sides with the Republicans, and told why high school pupils should vote for Landon. Miss Frances Debrowski explained the platform of the Union party, and explained why high school pupils should vote the Union ticket, and not either the Democratic or the Republican.

In this humble writer's estimation these pupils did a lot better than most politicians.

VOTING

On November 2nd the students of Johnson High School had the opportunity of casting their votes for president, senator in congress, and governor. The poll was under the direction of the Student Council. Roosevelt, Lodge, and Hurley came out ahead. The results of voting were as follows:

For president: Roosevelt 187, Landon 140, Lemke 6, Browder 4, Aiken 1, Thomas 1, and Colvin 0.

For senator in congress: Lodge 158, Curley 147, O'Brien 15, Coolidge 6, Cook 4, Dodge 2, Moon 1, Gulesian 1, Flaherty 0, and Gray 0.

For governor: Hurley 183, Haigis 143, Bushold 6, Lewis 3, McMasters 2, Hollis 1, Hood 0, and Evans 0.

The regular voting booths in Stevens Hall, set up for the National elections next day, were used. It is the first time in the history of the school that all the classes were able to vote.

MUSICAL ASSEMBLY

The assembly program on October 21st consisted of a musical program presented by Carl Brown and Glen Meneley. Both of these men sang splendidly, and both played the piano and cathedral chimes. In addition Mr. Brown proved himself to be a delightful humorous entertainer. The program was a varied one, and was enjoyed by everyone present.

WITH THE ALUMNI CLASS OF 1936

William Andrews: Working in Davis & Furber.

Thomas Barron: At home.

John Benson: Gen. Elec. Apprentice School, West Lynn.

Evelyn Bunker: Working.

Continued on Page 16



ATHLETICS



BOYS' SPORTS

Seven lettermen returned to form a strong nucleus for the team this coming season. Sullivan, Crompton, Barwell, West, Walter Roberts and co-captains Ernest and William Roberts reported on the first day of practice.

September 19, with nine days of practice, Johnson held a strong Melrose team to a six to nothing score. Our boys harried Melrose throughout the game.

September 26, playing heads up football, Johnson defeated Danvers in a hard-fought game, 12-0. Walter Roberts scored twice.

October 3, Johnson kept its Boosters' Day slate clean by winning over a very strong Hudson aggregation, 21-18, in one of the most exciting games ever witnessed on the home grounds.

October 12, Johnson won the first leg on the Little Three Championship, before a large crowd. Harold West starred in a 13-0 victory over Methuen.

October 19, Johnson journeyed to Reading and made a great bid to score in the last quarter, but lost by a blocked punt resulting in a score of 7 to 0.

October 24, the home team gave its old rival Chelmsford High, its first set back of the season, by trimming them to the tune of 19-2.

October 28, the home team chalked up its fifth win of the season in its seventh start by defeating its North Andover rival, Brooks School, at the latter's field. Thomas Sullivan scored the winning touchdown in the last minutes in a 14-7 win.

November 11, Johnson defeated its old rival, Woodbury, in its last home game of the season, 33-0, before a capacity Armistice Day crowd.

November 14, Johnson traveled to Manning and defeated the high school there by a score of 15-0. Manning had previously been beaten only once.

November 26, Johnson ended its football season on Thanksgiving Day with Punchard, the objective game of the season. Score Johnson 0, Punchard 0.

A splendid season's record, Johnson!

GIRLS' SPORTS

For the past two years, the girls' basketball team has won the championship of the Lowell and Suburban League. With eight members of the A squad available and with seven other experienced players returning, prospects are indeed encouraging.

When interrogated by the *Journal*, Mr. Hayes reflected the general interest in the girls' basketball team when he said, "From present indications the girls' basketball team of Johnson High School will compare favorably with the splendid teams which have represented this school in the past. The coaches, Miss Dorothy Colburn and Miss Glenna Kelly, can put practically a veteran team on the floor this season, a veteran team which last year won two championships for the school. I am pleased to observe that the girls of the squad have not only won honors for the school in athletic competition but also honors for themselves in their scholastic endeavors."

Danny Connelly: Working at Arsenault's Garage.

Horace Culpon: Working in Stevens Mill.

Carolyn Currier: Working in West Boxford.

Marion Currier: Framingham Teachers' College.

William Currier: Boston University.

John Curtin: Working in Print Works.

Ruth Dawson: McIntosh Commercial School, Lawrence.

Viola DeNault: At home.

Leroy Duncan: Working in Davis & Furber.

Barbara Eagle: Working in Hainsworth's Insurance Office.

Mary Greenler: Emmanuel College.

Hannah Goff: Waitress at Abbot Academy, Andover.

Ralph Joyce: Working.

Anthony Kapeika: Working in Stevens Mill.

Phyllis Keating: Working in Brookline, Mass.

Allison Kirk: McIntosh Commercial School, Lawrence.

Mary Koroskys: Salem State Teachers' College, Salem, Mass.

Corinne Lewis: Working in Wood Mill.

Julia Malek: McIntosh Commercial School, Lawrence.

Henry Martin: Working in Davis & Furber.

Barbara Mason: Jackson College.

Margaret McLay: Lowell State Teachers' College, Lowell.

George Nolan: Working in Stevens Mill.

Post Graduates: Sylvia Broderick, Claire Carroll, George Casserly, Frank Cunio, Catherine Cunningham, Marietta Hill, Grace Pearson, Benny Polichnowski, Oscar Richards, Eleanor Robertson, Fernley Wilcox.

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